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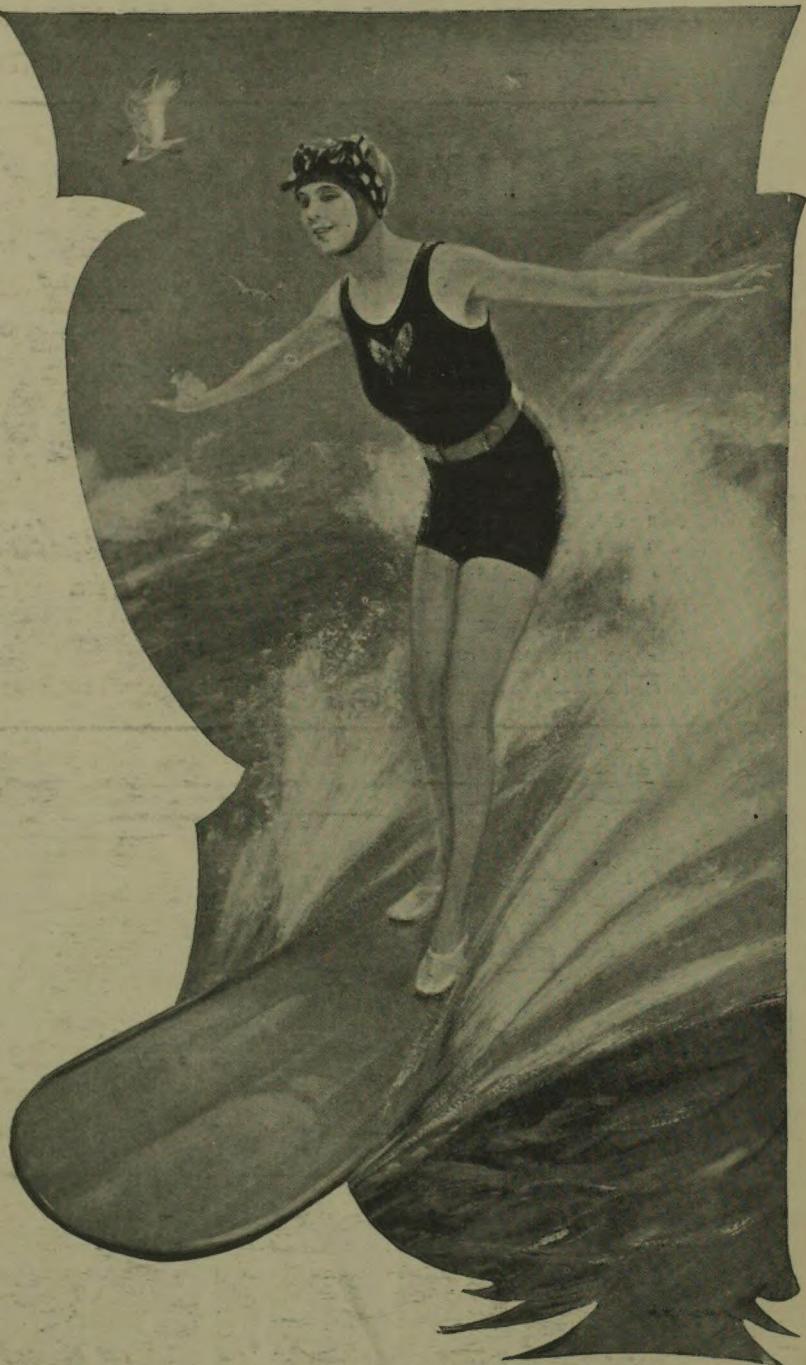
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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"1914-1918": A SYMBOLIC PHOTOGRAPH THAT FORMS AN ARGUMENT FOR THE PEACE PACT.

This remarkable study in photographic symbolism, the significance of which is obvious, may be said to emphasise the need for such an international covenant as the Peace Pact recently signed by the leading Powers in Paris. The photograph, which is entitled "1914-1918," is

the work of A. Van Neuman, and is in the new International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at 5a, Pall Mall East. As usual, this exhibition is one of exceptional interest, and shows how photography has now taken its place among the fine arts.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE certainly never pretended to be a prophet : least of all a political prophet. For politicians, a jumpy race, are always trying to anticipate which way the cat will jump ; and the cat (a sagacious but aggravating animal) very often does not jump at all. I make no claim to calculate the incalculable ; but it is at least a quaint coincidence that, after I noted in this column the resemblance between a motion moved by an eminent professor at the Republican Convention in America, and the general policy of the opposite party, that same professor has sensationaly separated himself from his own party and openly supported the other. I thought it interesting that Governor Smith seemed only to be saying to the whole nation what Professor Nicholas Murray Butler was saying to his fellow - Republicans ; and now Professor Butler has boldly rallied to the cause of Governor Smith. Two men more totally different, to be both in their several ways respected, we can hardly imagine. For one is of the sort that the foes of popular life call a demagogue ; the other of the sort that the foes of academic life deride as a don. Even foes may surely be interested in the points on which the don and the demagogue agree.

It is the more amusing when we consider the objections actually raised against the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency. For there seem to be a number of well-defined objections to Governor Al Smith. One complaint is that he is by birth or family or economic circumstances as rough and obscure as Abraham Lincoln. One obstacle is that a citizen who has risen from being a poor boy selling newspapers cannot be a fit representative of a great individualistic democracy. Another is that his political party was connected with Tammany Hall ; and the old tales of its corruption naturally shock and horrify the sensitive and incorruptible idealists of the Oil Scandal and the Tea-Pot Dome. Another, of course, is that his religion naturally rules him out from a Constitution where all religions are equal. Another is that, because he does not think that teetotalism should be a part of the Constitution, any more than vegetarianism or wearing woollen underclothing, he must be a wild pagan Bacchus reeling in an eternal delirium of intoxication. All this is very pleasing ; but what pleases me most about it is wondering whether all these charges and denunciations will now be transferred to Nicholas Murray Butler.

Merely as an agreeable train of fancy, I like to speculate on whether the eminent scholar will also become a guttersnipe. Will Professor Murray Butler be a little boy selling newspapers ? Will the President of Columbia University be found to be a ruffianly old Boss of Tammany Hall ? Will that grave academic figure be a wild drunkard reeling from saloon to saloon ? Will he be a fantastic embodiment of all that is illiterate and squalid and grimy from the gutter ? Though I have read Mark Twain's account of the charges hurled at an ordinary gentleman who is "Running for Governor," I cannot but detect in that author certain hints and traces of exaggeration. And I find it difficult to believe that these facile explanations can be offered in the

case of the scholar as in the case of the candidate. It seems as if some other counter-arguments will have to be brought against the arguments of Mr. Smith and his academic ally ; and that they will have to be rather stronger than any that I have yet seen.

For the questions raised really have a point and meaning beyond the immediate question of the American Presidential Election, or even the general question of the politics of America. They involve facts that are forgotten in the Eastern Hemisphere as well as the Western ; and fallacies in which we indulge quite as much as the Americans do.

principle. We have all heard tales about statistics of drunkenness, which might suggest that it is not quite so Puritan in practice. But we will agree that there may be in some such place a merely democratic instinct in favour of total abstinence.

In that case the citizens are as dignified and respectable as any tribe of Arabs who have unanimously accepted the veto of Mahomet. Nobody will deny their right to do so. But when, for instance, the Prohibition process is applied to a natural wine-growing country like California, then its agents are not like honest Arabs applying their own religion to their own village. They are like wild and barbarous Arabs invading Italy or France and burning the vineyards or uprooting the vines. They are simply savage Vandals destroying an older, a more dignified, and (as some of us think) a superior civilisation by brute numbers and brute force. It is simply a colossal cant and ignorance to test such culture by a chemical analysis directed entirely to the discovery of "alcohol." We might as well identify any sort of drink by the presence of hydrogen. Whatever we may say for or against Prohibition, there is quite obviously all the difference in the world between a system of saloons, selling rye-whisky—and regarded by many normal and decent citizens as pretty low haunts—and the other tradition of a



A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF NEOLITHIC ART IN MALTA: RELICS OF A STONE AGE TEMPLE (ABOUT 3000 B.C.)—LIMESTONE BLOCKS DECORATED WITH SPIRAL RELIEF (RIGHT) AND A FRIEZE OF FISH (LEFT).

Describing a Neolithic site recently discovered at Bujibba, St. Paul's Bay, Malta, and excavated with the help of Mr. Louis Upton Way, F.S.A., Professor Zammit writes: "The carved limestone blocks testify to a highly developed artistic sense. One block is 12½ inches high, and about 39 inches square. Two sides are gracefully decorated with a raised pattern of spirals. The type of this decoration corresponds to that in the Neolithic temples of Tarxien, Malta, and the Gigantea temples at Gozo. The second block is decorated with a pattern never, so far, found on a Neolithic site in Malta or abroad. The block is 10 inches high, 36 inches long, and 15½ inches wide. Two of the surfaces are carved in relief. The long surface shows three fishes, and the head of the stone bears a curious figure probably meant for a fish, of which the head, however, is not clearly defined."—[By Courtesy of Professor T. Zammit, The Museum, Malta.]



SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW IN ARCHAEOLOGY: A FRIEZE OF FISHES, A TYPE OF DESIGN HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN NEOLITHIC ART, ON A LIMESTONE BLOCK FOUND IN MALTA.

The suggestion of these Democrats, that even Prohibition would at least be more reasonable if it were a sort of Local Option, raises another question : the universal question of whether it is always wise to be universal. The objection to what is called scientific organisation is a strictly scientific objection. It is that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and merely to lengthen the chain is merely to multiply the chance of the links being weak. Mechanical organisation is only the lengthening of chains, which are none the less chains of captivity. This fallacy is quite as likely to weaken Big Business or Business Government in England as in America. It is true that the Western example is in some ways more arresting, because of the enormous size of America. The Federal ideal is that the law of Prohibition should be one united thing throughout the Union. But, in practice, it is bound to be a totally different thing in the different States of the Union. We will assume, if only for the sake of argument, that there is in the State of Maine, let us say, a true tradition and a public opinion which is Puritan in

healthy land of vineyards, where wine is grown as it is grown over the greater part of the civilised world : where it is as deeply rooted and naturally related to the land as Burgundy is to Burgundy.

But though this problem about State Rights and the Union is naturally most pronounced in the United States, the essence of it exists equally in the United Kingdom. It is absurd, for instance, to impose regulations based, rightly or wrongly, on the office hours of commercial cities upon a rural world that still remembers the ritual of recurrent refreshment necessary to harvesters or haymakers. There is, again, the spirited attack of the Republican professor on the Republican armament. The two questions present a problem to the progressive reformer or idealist both in England and the United States. The Republican candidate appears to stand in the fullest degree for the reduction of drink, and in a relatively small degree for the reduction of armament. The modern type of Puritan reformer generally defies with equal frenzy the God of Wine and the God of War. Here, apparently, he can only war on Bacchus by worshipping Mars ; and can only hope to burn down the temple of Mars by sacrificing on the altar of Bacchus. If the Nonconformist Conscience is still what it was, the choice will be a rather distracting dilemma. But, though my conscience cannot strictly be described as a Nonconformist conscience, upon either of these two ethical problems, I do the Nonconformist the justice to believe that he would not really hesitate if things so disproportionate were in serious collision. I believe he would try to prevent the outpouring of blood even at the horrid risk of the outpouring of beer ; and that another World War would appear to him an even more awful vision than a gentleman drinking a glass of sherry.

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ALBANIAN GIRLS IN NATIONAL COSTUME : PICTURESQUE FIGURES AT TIRANA DURING THE CELEBRATIONS.



KING ZOGU (IN UNIFORM, CENTRE BACKGROUND) MAKING HIS SPEECH AFTER BEING PROCLAIMED KING OF THE ALBANIANS : THE SCENE IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT TIRANA.

KING ZOGU AND HIS FAMILY : PROCLAMATION DAY AT TIRANA.



ALBANIAN MOSLEMS IN WHITE FEZ AND TURKISH TROUSERS : TYPES OF NATIONAL DRESS ON PROCLAMATION DAY.



THE NEWLY PROCLAIMED MONARCH INSPECTS HIS TROOPS : KING ZOGU (WALKING, ON LEFT) OUTSIDE THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT TIRANA.



KING ZOGU (ADVANCING WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND) GREETED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OUTSIDE THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE : THE SCENE ON HIS ARRIVAL.



THE REPUBLICAN FLAG HAULED DOWN ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE MONARCHY : THE FLAG BEING REMOVED BY THE NEW KING'S BODYGUARD.



FIRST KING OF THE ALBANIANS UNDER THE NEW MONARCHY : KING ZOGU — A PHOTOGRAPH AFTER HIS PROCLAMATION.



KING ZOGU'S FAMILY : (CENTRE FOREGROUND) HIS WIFE, NOW QUEEN, WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS AND TWO SONS (IN UNIFORM) ; (CENTRE BACKGROUND) HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

As noted in our last issue, Albania has changed from a Republic to a Monarchy, and Ahmed Beg Zogu was proclaimed as Zogu, King of the Albanians, at Tirana, the capital, on September 1. The new King drove from his residence to the Parliament House surrounded by his soldiers and preceded by an escort of cavalry. Albania is a land of blood feuds, and every precaution was taken against any attempt on his life. He was received by the President of the Assembly, and in the little hall of the Parliament House, an unpretentious building of moderate size, he took the oath as King and delivered an address. He wore an olive-green Albanian uniform, with Field-Marshal's epaulettes and facings. Tirana, which is

not much more than a large village, was *en fête* for the occasion, and the national costumes worn by many of the people presented a picturesque spectacle. The townspeople have mostly adopted Western dress, but country folk wear baggy Turkish trousers and coloured sashes, and Albanian Moslems wear a white fez. Men from the mountains were conspicuous in scarlet or plum-coloured waistcoats. King Zogu, who is thirty-four, comes of a family with large estates in northern Albania. One of his ancestors was a Grand Vizier, and both his grandfather and father were Pashas in the Turkish service. His mother, a woman of great force of character, belongs to the powerful Topdan family.

RELICS OF HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE ORKNEYS?

Puzzling Discoveries in a Prehistoric Settlement at Skara Brae—Stone Age Remains with an Undecipherable Inscription in Abnormal Runes.

By V. GORDON CHILDE, Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology in the University of Edinburgh.



FIG. 1. AN UNDECIPHERABLE INSCRIPTION POINTING TO A DATE NOT EARLIER THAN 600 A.D., BUT BELIEVED TO BE AN EPITAPH ON VICTIMS OF HUMAN SACRIFICE: THE ABNORMAL RUNES FOUND AT SKARA BRAE.

The above is a provisional transcript (half the original size) of the "inscription" on the edge of a slab enclosing a "pen," or sty, in the chamber of the newly found hut at Skara Brae. On the floor of the pen was found a double burial, believed to be a human sacrifice to ensure stability of the walls. The inscription is shown here as seen from the chamber; that is, from the outside of the pen.

A GREAT storm in the 'sixties revealed ancient walls of dry masonry under the sand dunes of Skara Brae, on the southern shore of the Bay of Skail, Orkney. Subsequent excavations by the laird showed that these belonged to a series of huts, opening on to a winding passage, or street.

Four of these were laid bare at the time, and one at least was shown to be provided with a regular drain under the floor (shown with the floor taken up in Fig. 4, on the opposite page). A fifth hut was found in 1927, when fresh encroachments by the waves compelled H.M. Office of Works to take steps for the preservation of the monument. A continuation of these operations in the current year has resulted in the preservation of yet another hut and a new street opening on to that previously known.

The streets resemble narrow, winding passages, scarcely three feet wide, paved with slates, and covered over, four feet above the pavement, with a roof of stone slabs. The villagers threw the kitchen refuse from their huts upon these street roofs, and even camped thereon themselves. The consequence was the accumulation of a midden deposit above the streets which was threatening to break down the decaying roof-slabs. Fig. 5 shows the street roof emerging after a trench has been driven through the superposed midden. In the removal of this deposit we collected from it potsherds, amulets, and beads of bone, teeth or ivory, bone pins, and other relics exactly similar to those found on the hut-floors.

The hut to which the newly excavated passage led us is a splendid specimen of the Skara type of dwelling. Its walls are of dry-stone work gradually converging towards the top. The entrance doorway is still lower and narrower than the street outside. Just inside the jambs two holes (one visible in Fig. 8) have been left for the bar that fastened the door. But the chamber itself (Fig. 6) was spacious and high; it measures over fifteen feet across, and its walls even to-day stand to a height of ten feet. There was a fireplace in the centre, framed with stone slabs set on edge; behind it a block for a seat or pillar-base; and, built against

the rear wall, a two-storeyed erection like a dresser (Fig. 6). In the left-hand corner was a beehive cell built into the wall. A hoard of

A scratched rune was found at an uncertain level in the village during previous excavations, but the set of signs shown in Fig. 1 is the first evidence for the use of any sort of writing, certainly referable to the original occupation of the site. The letters are not normal runes, though strongly reminiscent thereof, and have not yet been deciphered.

Built into the wall behind this slab a double grave



FIG. 2. POTTERY FROM THE FLOOR OF THE NEWLY FOUND HUT: FRAGMENTS WITH ELABORATE PATTERNS FROM A SMALL BOWL WITH CRINKLED RIM (ON RIGHT).

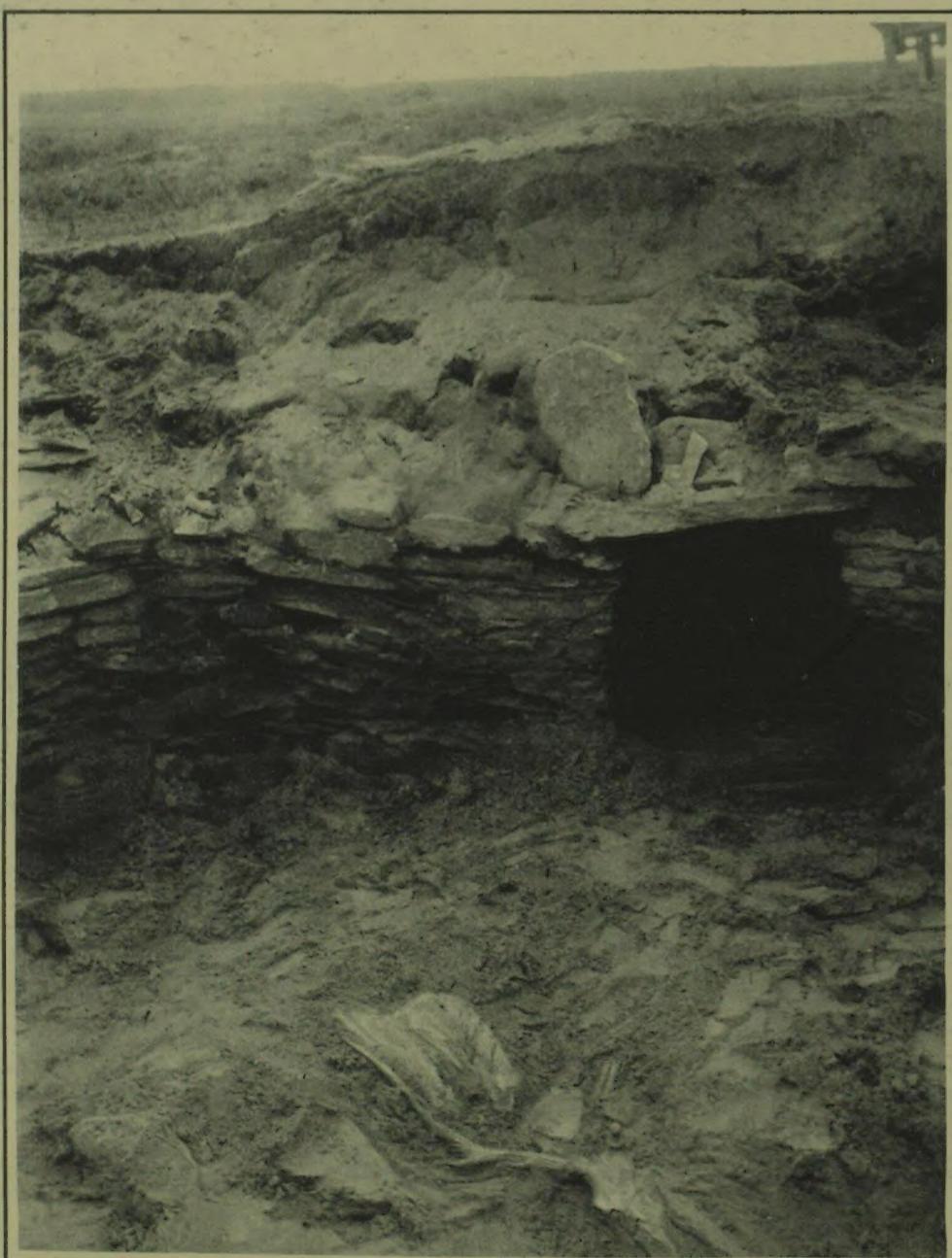


FIG. 3. A RED DEER'S ANTLERS (IN CENTRE FOREGROUND) AS FOUND LYING IN THE SAND OF THE DESERTED CHAMBER: RELICS OF A PREHISTORIC FEAST.

"After the original doorway had been blocked with sand," writes Professor V. Gordon Childe, "feasts were occasionally celebrated in the deserted chamber. In the foreground is seen lying in the sand a red deer's head left over from such a feast. The gap behind is a long niche in the wall above the grave. The entrance to the hut is to the right outside the picture."

was found. It contained two skeletons, interred in the old pagan manner, crouching with the knees drawn up. Presumably, therefore, the inscription was a sort of epitaph. As the photograph of the cover-stone of the tomb shows (Fig. 7), the interment must have taken place before the hut-wall was built. I suspect a human sacrifice, designed to ensure the stability of the walls; the grave-goods were too poor to allow of the assumption that the owner of such an elaborate hut reposed here.

On the floor of the hut and in the doorway we found numbers of beautiful beads and pendants, picks, shovels, pins, and other implements of bone, well-worked flint scrapers and a polished stone celt, or axe-head. These Stone Age relics seem to conflict with the evidence of the runic inscription mentioned above, that points to a date not earlier than 600 A.D. But in the remote Orkneys the "Stone Age" might well have lasted into our era.

The pottery is quite in harmony with the idea of a survival of very ancient traditions. Though very coarse and so badly baked that the rescue of any sherds was extremely difficult, many fragments were decorated with relief mouldings. The elaborate patterns decorating the little bowl with crinkled rim, pieces of which are shown in Fig. 2, disclose a real artistic feeling. The finer vessels, however, were probably of whalebone, and some such were actually collected.

AN ORKNEY ENIGMA: STRANGE SIDE-LIGHTS ON PREHISTORIC LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR V. GORDON CHILDE, OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 4. RE-EXCAVATED RECENTLY TO SHOW (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE JUNCTION OF TWO PREHISTORIC DRAINS: THE FLOOR OF THE FOURTH HUT, OR CHAMBER, AT SKARA BRAE.

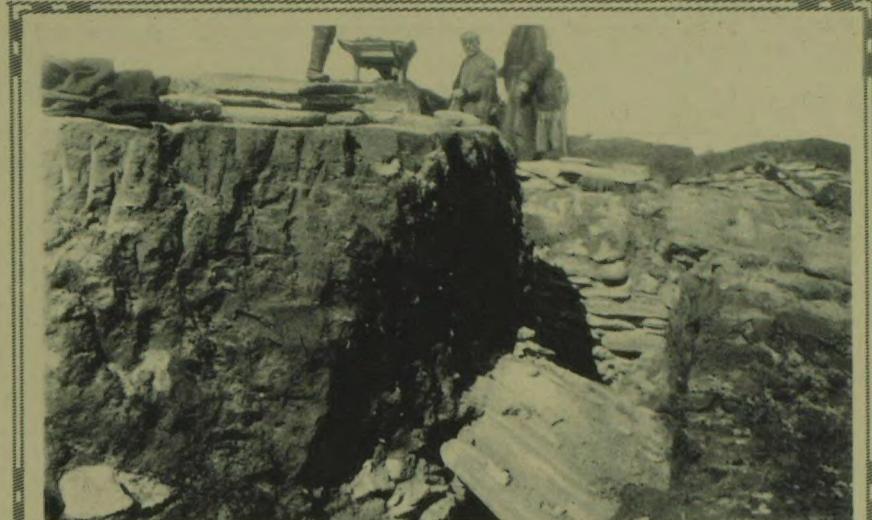


FIG. 5. ROOF-SLABS ABOVE A PREHISTORIC "STREET" DISCLOSED BY DRIVING A TRENCH THROUGH MIDDEN DEPOSITS: PART OF A STREET ROOF ON WHICH THE INHABITANTS CAMPED AND THREW REFUSE.

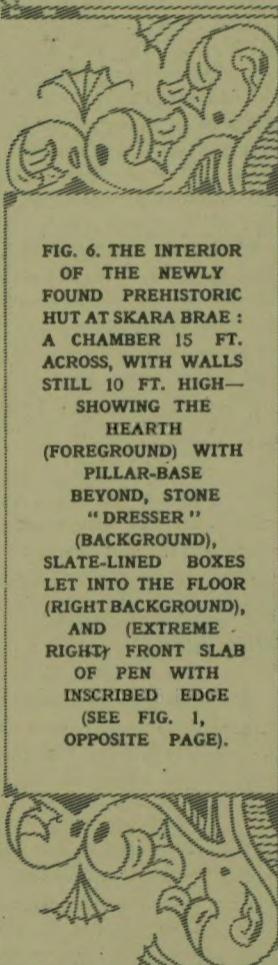


FIG. 6. THE INTERIOR OF THE NEWLY FOUND PREHISTORIC HUT AT SKARA BRAE: A CHAMBER 15 FT. ACROSS, WITH WALLS STILL 10 FT. HIGH—SHOWING THE HEARTH (FOREGROUND) WITH PILLAR-BASE BEYOND, STONE "DRESSER" (BACKGROUND), SLATE-LINED BOXES LET INTO THE FLOOR (RIGHT BACKGROUND), AND (EXTREME RIGHT) FRONT SLAB OF PEN WITH INSCRIBED EDGE (SEE FIG. 1, OPPOSITE PAGE).

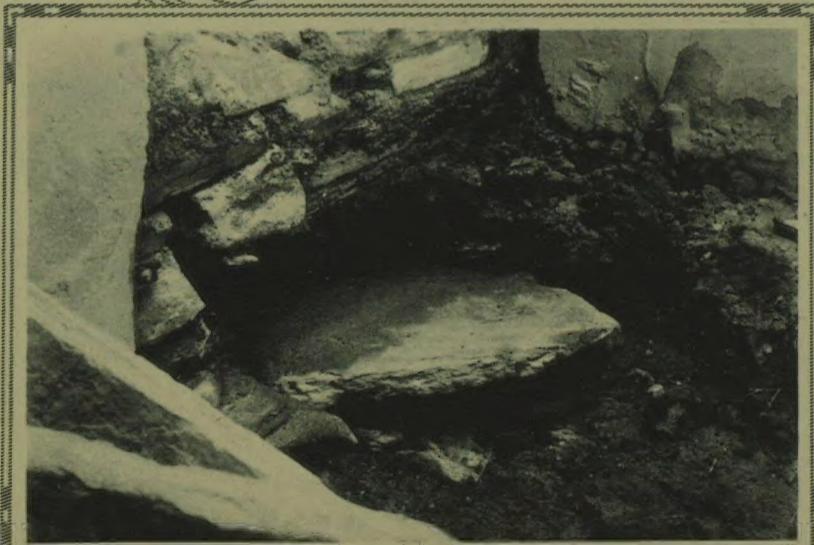


FIG. 7. FOUND CONTAINING TWO SKELETONS—VERY PROBABLY A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO ENSURE STABILITY OF WALLS: THE COVER-STONE OF THE BURIAL-CIST IN THE PEN ENCLOSED BY AN INSCRIBED SLAB.



FIG. 8. THE LOW ENTRANCE DOOR, WITH TWO HOLES JUST INSIDE THE JAMBS, FOR THE FASTENING BAR: PART OF THE NEW HUT, WITH WALLS OF DRY-STONE CONVERGING TOWARDS THE TOP.

On the opposite page Professor V. Gordon Childe describes the remarkable discoveries recently made on the site of a prehistoric settlement at Skara Brae, on the shore of the Bay of Skail, in the Orkney Islands. The photographs are numbered to correspond with his references. The new hut which has lately been excavated is of special interest, as it appears to contain evidence of human sacrifices offered to ensure the stability of the walls. Such is the explanation offered regarding a burial-cist, which contained two skeletons, built into the

wall of a pen or sty, enclosed within the interior chamber of the hut. One of the slabs forming the walls of this pen bears on its edge a mysterious inscription (reproduced opposite) in an unknown and so far undecipherable script, which the Professor believes is a kind of epitaph on the two victims of the sacrifice. Another interesting question is the date of the settlement. As Professor Childe says, "the Stone Age relics seem to conflict with the evidence of the runic inscription, that points to a date not earlier than 600 A.D."

The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. XIII.—ROBBERIES WITH VIOLENCE, AND THE CRIMINALS' WEAPONS.*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Béroud, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

WITH the facilities for rapid flight which rail-ways, motor-cars, and aeroplanes offer the criminal to-day, not only frauds, but even crimes of reckless brutality are becoming more and more international. It is necessary, therefore, for the expert to be able to determine at once the probable nationality of a malefactor by the method, the instruments, or the weapon employed. Even Eng-land has now to reckon with the teeming foreign population of its principal towns, and the criminal organisations or isolated malefactors which are their inevitable appendage. Thus the first care of the expert when a murder, a burglary, or a robbery with violence has been committed, is to analyse the method employed, in order to learn whether the criminal is a foreigner or not. It is a curious fact that even if, for reasons best known to himself, a crook has decided to migrate and carry on his nefarious profession abroad, he does not easily cast off firmly-rooted habits. America has to deal chiefly with Mexicans, negroes, Italians, and Russians; and in France, since the war, the native product—the apache—has been superseded by Polish, Belgian, Spanish, and Arab criminals. Each and all have their distinctive and easily recognisable tricks.

The French footpad has not the Anglo-Saxon's skill in the use of his hands. He is fistless, and rarely acquires the efficient hook to the chin or the jarring straight blow which knocks a victim senseless for ten minutes. In England and America, "yeggs," or robbers who waylay solitary pedestrians, prefer their fists to a weapon. But there are many specialists among French malefactors, and their

betrays the owner. The flat end of a sheep's shoulder-bone is grasped in the hand, the short, jagged end protruding between the second and third finger. A straight punch below the belt with this is often fatal, and always renders the victim helpless whilst his pockets are emptied.

The knife is no longer the favourite weapon of the apache, but when it is used the shape of the

weapon to any other (Fig. 2). Furthermore, they have a penchant for automatics of great precision and penetrating power, such as Mausers or Brownings. The Corsican prefers the Parabellum. Since all these firearms leave characteristic wounds, the probable nationality of the criminal is thus quickly ascertained. In the United States it is the Colt '45 or the sawn-off shot-gun which is generally employed by Anglo-Saxon criminals.

The knuckle-duster, sandbag, and life-preserved are also much used, and, since the American malefactor frequently operates in England and France since the war, this preference has been carefully noted by the police.

The razor is, of course, the weapon of the negro; and Spaniards and Mexicans still cling to the use of the old-fashioned revolver or the broad-bladed throwing-knife. Thus the appearance of a wound, although it does not at once lead to the assailant, at least helps the expert to eliminate those habitual criminals who would not be likely to employ the weapon which inflicted it. This facilitates their search by giving them a start-

ing-point. Some time ago a really ingenious method for rendering victims helpless was discovered in Barcelona. Almost every night men were found lying unconscious near the statue of Columbus, robbed of money and valuables. Strangely enough, they were unhurt, except for a small bruise on the point of the chin. Their tale was always the same—when passing one of the many narrow streets leading to the harbour, something clinging, yet elastic, that felt like a net, had suddenly fallen over their head and pinioned their arms, and before they realised what had happened they had lost consciousness.

This curious description led the chief of police to believe that a net was actually being used by a skilled hand in the manner of the Roman gladiators. A net at once suggested fishermen, and a number of detectives were ordered to watch the Catalonian fishers. It was thus discovered that the two sons of an honest old seaman had prepared a net so that it could be thrown from a short distance and instantly pulled tight. Of course the man thus snared was quite unable to struggle, and before he could cry out, a sharp blow with a rubber stick on the point of the chin knocked him senseless.

Hammers, hatchets, sharpened triangular files, and other tools of a former trade are much favoured, but nearly always lead to the detection of the criminal, because the

[Continued on page 488.]



FIG. 2. REVOLVERS USED BY SPANISH CRIMINALS AND NERVI OF MARSEILLES: TYPES OF FIREARMS THAT INDICATE A CRIMINAL'S NATIONALITY.

predilection for certain modes of attack has made it possible to subdivide them into classes. The real apache, whose haunts are limited to well-defined districts, is an expert in the use of the neck-cloth, a trick that has been picturesquely named "*le coup du père François*."

While a confederate approaches the victim and politely asks for a match, the operator throws a scarf over his head from behind. Without letting go he twists round with the ends over his shoulder, and pulling downwards, bends low, so that the unfortunate victim is lifted from the ground by the cloth around his throat. The accomplice then makes a search of his pockets. The apache is also an adept at suddenly butting unsuspecting pedestrians in the stomach with his head—a terrible form of attack, and difficult to parry. The footpads whose headquarters are at "La Villette," which corresponds to London's Smithfield, use a mutton bone, a fearful weapon, which has the advantage of being easily obtained, but which is quite devoid of individuality, retains no finger-prints, and only exceptionally

surveyor who had found the plumb-line of his trade an efficient means of stunning those he wished to rob. A very strange weapon was discovered by the police some years ago. This was composed of a stout piece of wood to which two horseshoes had been nailed (Fig. 3). A man was found lying dead in a stable, and the investigating officer at first believed that he had been kicked by a horse. The marks where the hoofs had crushed his skull were plainly visible. Only—the murderer had struck downwards with his horseshoe club, whereas a horse kicks upwards. This oversight led to his capture.

The English footpad does not often use a pistol. It is too noisy, and ammunition is not easily obtained; nor does the French apache favour firearms—the Bonnot gang were exceptions—but Poles, Russians, and the nervi of Marseilles prefer this

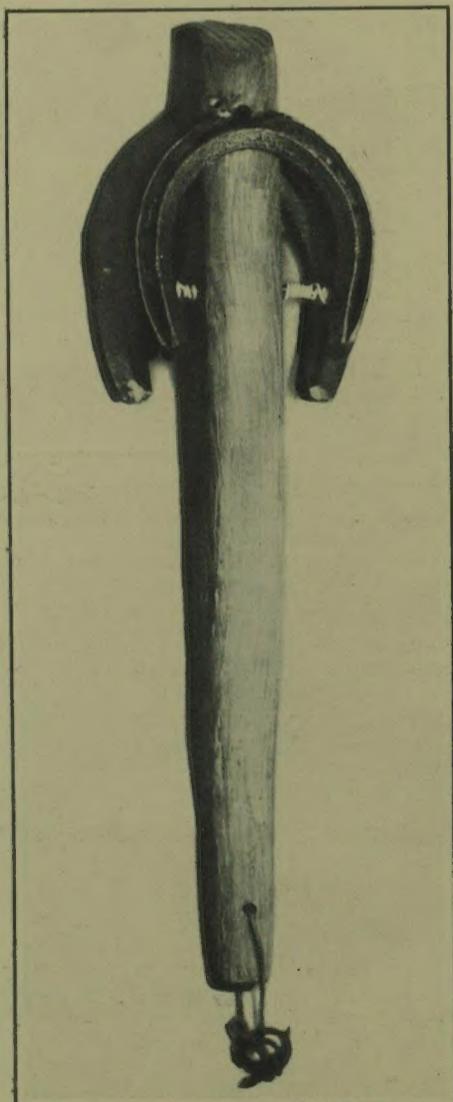
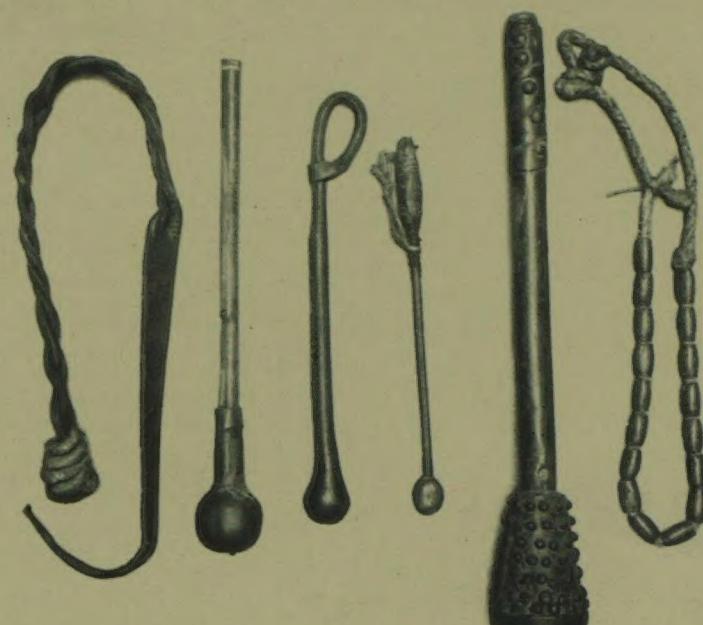


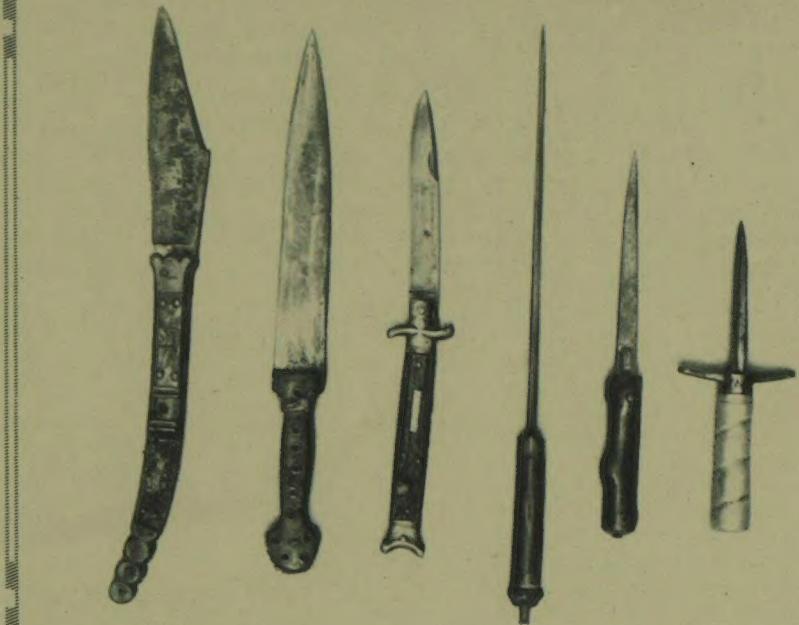
FIG. 3. A MURDERER'S SELF-MADE WEAPON INTENDED TO INDICATE THAT THE VICTIM WAS KICKED BY A HORSE: A PIECE OF WOOD WITH TWO HORSE-SHOES NAILED TO IT.

The murderer was discovered through his having struck downwards, whereas a horse kicks upwards. This strange weapon is described in Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's story, "Kiki."

SCIENTIFIC DETECTION: TELL-TALE WEAPONS IN CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.



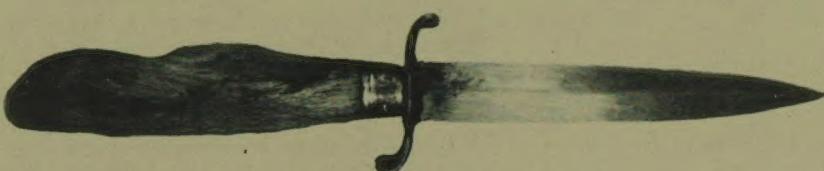
A MONK'S "ROSARY" OF LEAD BEADS (RIGHT) THAT KILLED FIVE PEOPLE, A NAIL-STUDDED LEATHER CLUB (NEXT), AND FOUR "LIFE-PRESERVERS": A STRANGE ASSORTMENT OF CRIMINALS' WEAPONS.



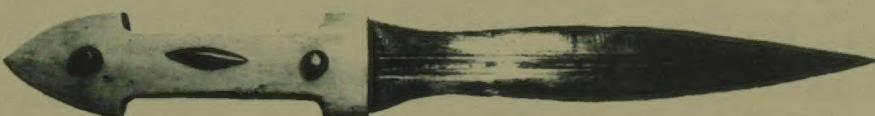
WEAPONS BETRAYING NATIONALITY: (L. TO R.) AN APACHE "LINGUE"; MEXICAN THROWING-KNIFE; SPANISH DAGGER; HOME-MADE STILETTO; RUSSIAN KNIFE; DAGGER MADE FROM A TRIANGULAR FILE.



A WEAPON THAT PROVED ITS OWNER TO BE OF SPANISH NATIONALITY: A RUBBER STICK OF THE TYPE USED BY CATALONIAN CRIMINALS.



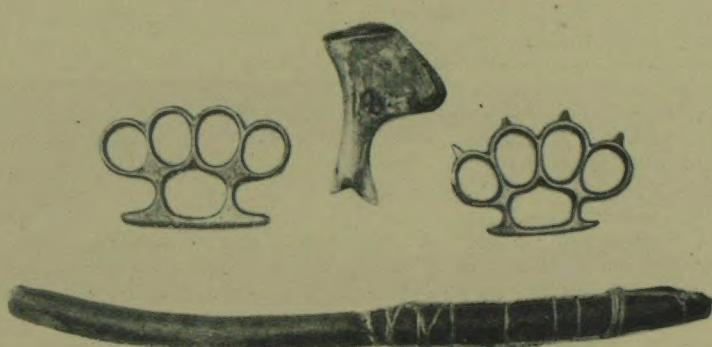
"THE ITALIAN AND CORSICAN DAGGER IS MADE TO STRIKE DOWNWARDS," IN CONTRAST TO THE APACHE "LINGUE," SLASHED UPWARD: A CORSICAN DAGGER.



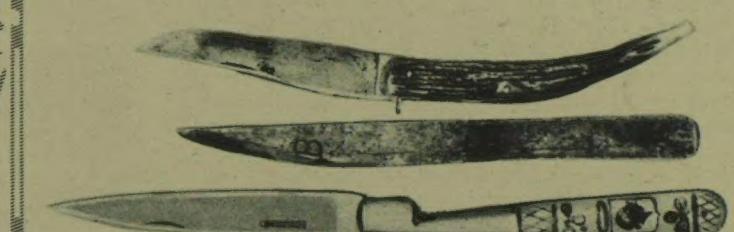
A THROWING-KNIFE: A WEAPON USED BY AN ARAB WOMAN, WHO CLEVERLY AVOIDED LEAVING FINGER-PRINTS ON THE HANDLE BY PLACING HER FINGERS ON THE RAISED STUDS.



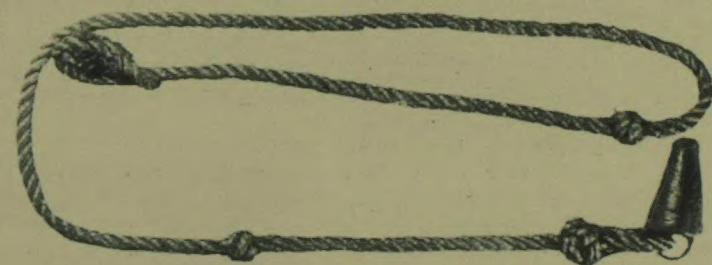
A PIECE OF FLEXIBLE ELECTRIC CABLE (BY WHICH THE CRIMINAL WAS TRACED) WITH A LUMP OF LEAD AT THE END: "A VERY TERRIBLE INSTRUMENT" USED IN A RECENT MURDER.



"A FEARFUL WEAPON" THAT RETAINS NO FINGER-PRINTS: A JAGGED MUTTON-BONE (TOP CENTRE); WITH TWO KNUCKLE-DUSTERS, AND A RUBBER TUBE FILLED WITH BIRD-SHOT.



WITH CURVED BLADE FOR RIPPING UPWARD RATHER THAN STABBING: AN APACHE KNIFE (TOP); WITH A SHOEMAKER'S TOOL (CENTRE); AND A CORSICAN DAGGER, MADE TO STRIKE DOWNWARD.



A LEAD WEIGHT ON A ROPE: A WEAPON THAT "LED THE POLICE TO A YOUNG SURVEYOR WHO HAD FOUND THE PLUMB-LINE AN EFFICIENT MEANS FOR STUNNING THOSE HE WISHED TO ROB."

Several of the weapons here illustrated, which are all associated with crimes of violence, are mentioned in Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's article on the opposite page, with particulars of the circumstances in which they were used. As he points out, the nature of the weapon generally indicates the nationality of the criminal, for "it is a curious fact that, if a 'crook' has decided to migrate and carry on his nefarious profession abroad, he does not easily cast off firmly rooted habits.... In France, since the war, the native product—the *apache*—has been superseded by Polish, Belgian, Spanish, and Arab criminals.... The *apache* knife—in French argot, '*lingue*'—has a ring at the back of the lock-blade, and the point is curved.

The criminal always slashes upwards with it, ripping rather than stabbing. The Italian and Corsican dagger is made to strike downwards." Most remarkable is the mutton-bone (shown above) used by the French footpads of "*La Villette*," "a fearful weapon (says Mr. Ashton-Wolfe) which is easily obtained, but is quite devoid of individuality, retains no finger-prints, and only exceptionally betrays the owner. The flat end of a sheep's shoulder-bone is grasped in the hand—the short, jagged end protruding between the second and third fingers. A straight punch below the belt with this is often fatal, and always renders the victim helpless while his pockets are emptied."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOSE who profess, and are possessed by, a genuine love of flowers or animals are, I like to persuade myself, a steadily increasing number. But they are as yet only dimly conscious of the beauty and the mystery which these possess, for it is chiefly the riot of colour which fascinates them. Now, beauty, we are told, is but skin deep; but the truth of that aphorism depends entirely on our standard of what is beautiful. Most of us, unfortunately, are mentally mere butterflies, drifting from one patch of colour to another; hence we miss the marvellous which is always associated with the beautiful. The appreciation of the marvellous does not leap to the eyes as colour does, but is perceived only after thoughtful, though by no means necessarily profound, study. One begins by endeavouring to associate the outstanding external features of this or that plant or animal with its mode of life. For these external features are largely the result of adjustments to the conditions of existence as laid down by that external environment.

pierced by one of these swords. That it broke off short is not surprising.

The interpretation which I have given here of this "sword," and its function, may not be correct, but it seems to fit with the facts better than the

approximately the position of the pelvic fins in the sail-fish, which are absent in this genus; and there is but one small lateral keel at the base of the tail; while the "sword" is much more blade-like. Why these differences?

The pelvic fins of the sail-fish may well become "bones of contention." The Lamarckian conception that the acquired characters, or the effects of "use," can be transmitted from parent to offspring, gaining in size by slow increments, is nowadays regarded as discredited. But it is a factor to be reckoned with nevertheless. We cannot regard the pelvic fins and their extraordinary sheath as having been brought about as a consequence of the action of "natural selection." If this is insisted on we must, in like manner, account for the absence of these fins in *Xiphias* as due to the same factor. That is to say, in the one case "natural selection"

has brought these fins into being, and in the other has inhibited their development; though in all other structural details the two types are to all intents and purposes identical! That sheath, I contend, has come into being as a consequence of the persistent stilettus, or "irritation," of the tissues set up by the constant though slight pressure of the fins against the surface of the belly.

One could cite numberless similar cases of the persistent action of slight stimuli of this kind. The coiling of the wind-pipe within the keel of the breast-bone in certain swans and cranes, and of the furculum in one of the guinea-fowls, may well serve as examples. The beak of the sword-fish, in like manner, then, has probably come into being as a response to "stimuli." In certain fossil species of what we may call "incipient" sword-fish, and in very young sword-fish to-day, the jaws are of equal length. The "sword" has developed exactly in proportion with the development of the speed in swimming.

Internally there are other peculiarities of structure intimately associated with this development of speed. These are found in the presence of broad

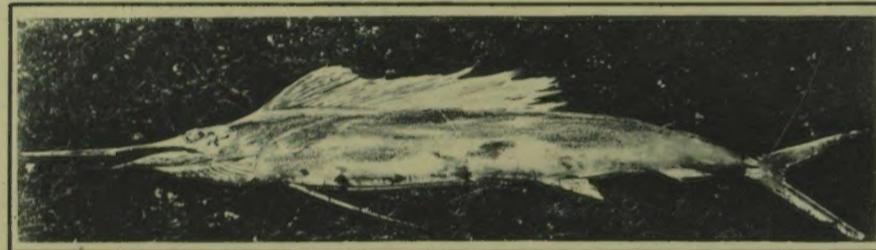


FIG. 2. SAID TO USE ITS BIG DORSAL FIN AS A SAIL: A SEVEN-FOOT SAIL-FISH (*HISTIOPHORUS AMERICANUS*)—A KIND OF SWORD-FISH CAUGHT OFF PLYMOUTH.

This example of the sail-fish, *Histiophorus americanus*, 7 ft. 6 in. long, was caught the other day, in a moribund condition, off Plymouth. It takes its popular name from the enormous size of the dorsal fin, which, it is said, is raised above the water and used as a sail when the fish is lazily drifting along.

Let me take a concrete case, such as confronted me the other day. For the first time in my life the opportunity was mine of closely examining a sword-fish seven feet six inches long, which had been taken at Plymouth a few days previously (Fig. 2). This is one of our rarer British fishes which occasionally wanders from the Mediterranean to our shores, generally with fatal results. The first thing which caught my attention was a long, narrow, and deep groove (Fig. 3) extending from the throat backwards along the belly for a length of nearly two feet. At the first glance I thought the body had been disembowelled. But a closer examination showed that it was a natural groove, or trough, in which were housed a pair of long, rod-like fins answering to the hind-limbs of land animals. The fins could be folded back into this trough just as the blade of a pocket-knife is folded into the handle. When I turned to an examination of the huge back-fin, I found that this also could be folded up and made to disappear within a similar trough, as will be seen in the adjoining photographs (Figs. 2 and 4). Not even the whales, among marine animals, can show more perfect "stream-lining." And the finishing touch was furnished by two small keels, one above the other, at the base of the tail. Evidently, at times, the sword-fish makes desperate efforts to exceed the speed-limit!

It is to be noted that the dorsal fin is drawn down into a sheath which is formed by a pair of upstanding plates of skin, forming a sharp ridge along the back, which must have a steady action when the body is being driven forward at full speed. In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), this dorsal sheath has been forced away from the fin by short pieces of stick. The shape of the head, when the mouth is closed, is that of a cone produced into a long spine—the "sword"—serving as a far more efficient "cutwater" than any yet devised by man. The speed of this fish must be prodigious. If proof of this were needed, one has but to go to the British Museum of Natural History and examine a massive piece of ship's timber

usually accepted theory that it is used for attacking whales and sharks. This would be but a senseless waste of energy in a fish which has no teeth, and

therefore no use for such large and formidable quarry. So far as can be ascertained, it seems to feed chiefly on cuttle-fish, creatures which seem to have an overwhelming number of enemies. For whales of many kinds, large and small, feed exclusively on their succulent bodies, and even man himself seems to find them toothsome!

There is, it is to be noted, yet another

species of sword-fish, belonging to the genus *Xiphias*, shown in the topmost photograph (Fig. 1), which differs in some very interesting particulars from



FIG. 3. A NATURAL GROOVE INTO WHICH THE PELVIC FINS ARE FOLDED LIKE THE BLADE OF A POCKET-KNIFE:

A DEEP NARROW "TROUGH," NEARLY 2 FT. LONG, FROM THE THROAT ALONG THE BELLY OF THE SAIL-FISH. The sheath for the pelvic fins, it will be seen, extends almost the whole length of the belly. The fins, answering to the hind-legs of land animals, consist of but a single ray. They are probably used to check the speed. The breast-fins are long, and used for steering purposes, the motive power being furnished by the rapid side-to-side lash of the tail.

Histiophorus—the sail-fish. In the first place, it will be noted, the dorsal fin is much smaller; the pectoral, or breast-fins, are much nearer the belly, holding

plates of bone projecting forwards from the bases of the upstanding median plates of the vertebræ, known as the neural spines. Each pair of plates

grips the sides of the median plate next in front of it, and so gives this end of the spine a driving force it could not otherwise possess. Similar, but less extensive, plates are found at the tail-end of the spine of the mackerel.

Another remarkable feature about the sword-fish, or at any rate of the genus *Histiophorus*, concerns the spines of the gill-covers. In the very young fish—6 mm. long—a spine projects backwards from above and behind the eye, and another from a point just behind the base of the lower jaw, the latter spine extending backwards beyond the level of the middle of the body. At 14 mm. in length, the two spines are relatively much shorter. At 60 mm. they have almost disappeared, and in the adult they are wanting. What purpose do they serve? There are yet other peculiarities, but these must be discussed on another occasion.

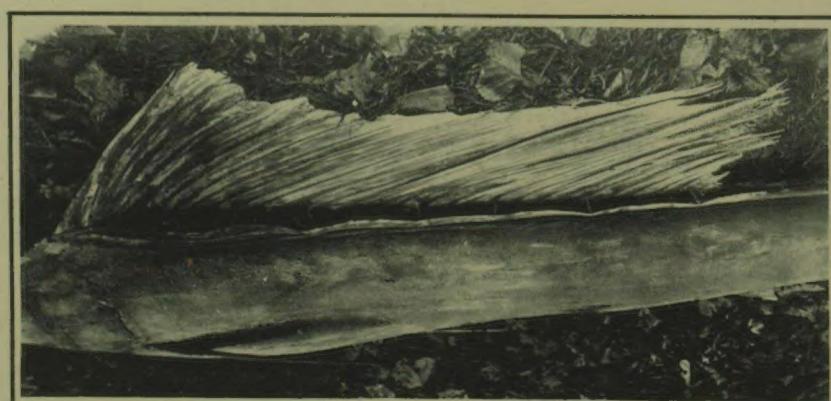
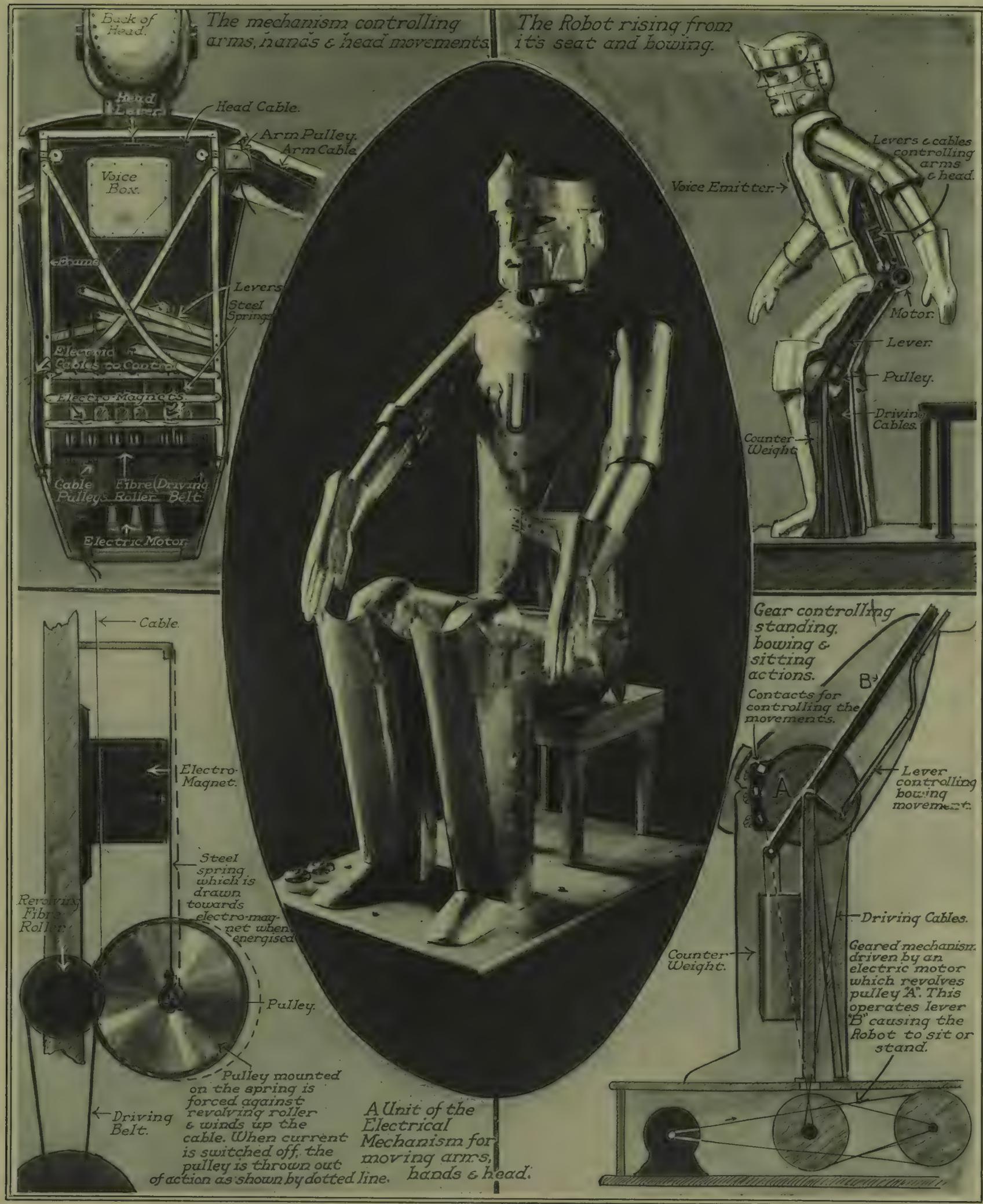


FIG. 4. SHOWING THE RIDGE OF THE DORSAL SHEATH INTO WHICH THE GREAT DORSAL FIN CAN BE DRAWN DOWN (HERE FORCED AWAY FROM THE FIN BY SHORT PIECES OF STICK, FOR CLEARER DEMONSTRATION): PART OF THE SAIL-FISH.

The great dorsal fin can also be closed down into a sheath formed by a pair of upstanding folds of skin serving as a dorsal keel when the fin is depressed. The left side of this keel (as shown here) has been forced apart from the base of the fin by pieces of stick.

A ROBOT TO OPEN AN EXHIBITION: THE NEW MECHANICAL MAN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES MADE AT GOMSHALL WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE INVENTORS, CAPTAIN RICHARDS AND MR. A. H. REFFELL.



AN ALUMINIUM "MAN" THAT RISES, BOWS, AND MAKES A "SPEECH": A KNIGHT-LIKE ROBOT.

There has just been completed at Gomshall, near Dorking, the first British Robot, a gleaming thing of aluminium, not unlike a mediæval knight in armour, whose first duty will be to open a Model Engineering Exhibition to-day at the Royal Horticultural Hall. Concealed in the body is an electric motor which drives a fibre roller. Just above are several electro-magnets, with steel springs. To the base of these springs are fixed pulleys carrying cables that operate levers which move the Robot's arms and head. When the electro-magnets are energised the springs are drawn to the magnets pulling the edges of the pulleys against the revolving fibre roller. The pulleys revolve, winding in the cable and moving the head or limbs as desired. By cutting off current the wheel-face is detached from the roller, and the arm falls back to its normal position. For raising the Robot from its seat, causing it to bow to the audience and

resume its seat, another motor is concealed in the platform below the figure's feet. This operates large pulley wheels concealed in the knees. When these wheels are slowly turned, a lever attached to each raises or lowers the man as required. Three contacts on the pulley give the desired positions to the operator. A second lever tilts the body and gives the "bowing" movement. To ease the work of the motor, counter-weights in the legs balance the weight of the body and interior mechanism. An ingenious electrical gear (which is the jealously guarded secret of the inventors) enables the Robot to hear questions and answer in a human voice. The Robot has been designed and made in under six months, so that it is but an infant and not yet able to walk, but the inventors state that in time it will be able to use its legs. At present, however, its chief work will be in the realms of publicity.

NEW "DRAGONS OF THE PRIME" FOUND IN MONGOLIA.

Remarkable Discoveries during the 1928 Central Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.

By LAURENCE IMPEY.

THE Roy Chapman Andrews expedition, as it is more familiarly known from the name of its leader, has just returned to Peking after its summer season in the hinterland of Asia. During their five months' trip, the eight Dodge cars which carried the

appear that they were also expert trappers and snarers, for their camps were marked by thousands of bones of small birds on which they had evidently fed and against which arrows such as they made would be unnecessary. Frogs also played a large part in their diet, proving that water was abundant then; while necklaces of the canine teeth of foxes, punctured shells, and fragments of the shell of the giant ostrich, showed that the decorative instinct was already born amongst the Dune Dwellers.

Mr. Granger points out that their camps round the sites of lakes are far more numerous in Eastern than in Western Mongolia, but believes that the population of all this area between Siberia and China was far denser 20,000 years ago than at the present time. From the nature of the implements found he thought

back are two skulls and many other bones of a gigantic mammal, belonging to the Baluchitherium family, as yet unknown to science, but stated by Mr. Andrews to be the biggest mammal that ever lived, in appearance something like a cross between a mammoth and a rhinoceros. Its humerus was nearly 4 ft. long, and as thick as a man's body, and the metacarpal bone in its foot measured 18 in. in length, and was as thick as one's wrist. It was herbivorous, and fed from the tops of trees and shrubs; while its ultimate decease as a species some millions of years ago was probably due to the forces of evolution which rendered it too bulky an animal to migrate, while at the same time climatic changes greatly lessened its food supplies.

An Asiatic relative of the American Titanotherium was one of the most interesting finds as described by Mr. Granger, for the appearance of the head almost beggars description. Imagine a rhinoceros without his horn, and then put in its place an organ composed of solid bone (Figs. 1 and 2) and spatulate in shape, so that the upturned end gives the appearance of a perpetual yawn, and one has a faint idea of what this beast must have looked like.

Another curious discovery was that of the skull and jaws of a beast of the Mastodon group, the skull being some 6 ft. long, and the lower jaw (Fig. 3) being armed with two shovel-like teeth nine inches to a foot long, laid flat in the jaw, and pointing outwards. Presumably the animal operated somewhat in the manner of a steam shovel amongst the lush grass and bushes, and the resulting breakfast was then passed back by his tongue to the back of his mouth where the grinding and masticating teeth were set.

And, finally, the expedition found another site with an abundance of the dinosaur eggs which created such a sensation when they were first discovered in 1924. The new location, at Erh-lien, the second station on the trail to Urga, produced eggs of a new type, however, being those of a duck-billed dinosaur hitherto unknown. Bones of one of these animals were found in a clay deposit, and, as was the case with the Titanotherium, Mr. Granger hopes to excavate it in its entirety when he has enough shellac and plaster for its proper preservation.

So, although the year's work has not advanced much further the search of the expedition for the "dawn of man," it has provided an immense number of hitherto unknown specimens for the examination of scientists the world over, and, while charting some territory which has hitherto remained unexplored, has thereby considerably narrowed the field for examination by future expeditions.



FIG. 1. A SPATULATE-NOSED TITANO THERE OF HITHERTO UNKNOWN TYPE: THE SKULL, SHOWING (TOP RIGHT) THE BASE OF THE NOSE, WHICH IN LIFE WAS MUCH FURTHER ELONGATED AND BROADENED AT THE END.

party have travelled over 5000 miles through the Mongolian plateaux and achieved a wonderful record for stability, although their progress westwards towards Chinese Turkestan was halted by the terrible sand stretches of the Gobi Desert. Through this region of shifting, drifting, blowing sand, where, as Mr. Andrews remarked, "to put one's head outside the shelter of the tent when the wind was blowing was to draw blood almost immediately on account of the lashing, stinging particles," only camels can pass, and even they with the utmost difficulty. The Andrews expedition were using camels to carry their auxiliary supplies, and they record that a great number of the animals died before the end of the trip, while some members of the Sven Hedin expedition who were encountered on the edge of the Gobi reported that nearly half their transport camels had perished during the crossing of the desert to the nearest oasis. The heat in this region was so extreme that the gasoline cans burst while on the camels' backs, and one must suppose that this occurred so suddenly as to prevent the puncturing and resoldering of the tins, which is the practice of expeditions in such countries as Palestine and Arabia, where otherwise petrol portage would be almost an impossibility. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the expedition lost nearly a quarter of its gasoline supply from this cause; with the result that it had no opportunity to seek for another route into Chinese Turkestan, passing round to the north of the desert stretch and then south of the Ala Shan range. But what at first sight looked like a misfortune eventually turned out to be for the best, as the expedition was forced to retrace its steps towards the Kalgan-Urga trail, in the vicinity of which it made its most important finds.

The most interesting discovery from the human point of view was referred to by the leader of the expedition and Mr. Granger, its palaeontologist, in their description of Mongolia as it must have appeared 20,000 years ago. The country was then forested, lakes and rivers abounded, and the territory between what are now the Siberian and Chinese frontiers was densely populated by a people whom Mr. Andrews tentatively referred to as the "Dune Dwellers," from the fact that most of their relics are found buried in sand dunes which date back many thousands of years. Although these dune men used agate and quartzite to tip their arrows and spears, it would



FIG. 2. THE SAME TITANO THERE SKULL (AS IN FIG. 1) SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE: A VIEW SHOWING (AT THE TOP) THE BASE OF THE SPATULATE NOSE, WHOSE ELONGATED END HAS BEEN REMOVED FOR PURPOSES OF TRANSPORT.

that the Dune Dwellers were related in their culture to the Azilian culture which has been found in France and Scandinavia, and tentatively put forward the theory that, as the natural conditions changed and food and water became scarcer, the Dune men might have drifted ever westward in a great migration which eventually brought them to Europe. Some traces of Mousterian man were also found by the expedition, but not in sufficient quantities to be of great interest, though Mr. Andrews and Mr. Granger believe that future discoveries of great importance will be made along that line.

Ninety cases of fossils were collected in all, while many important finds were partly excavated and covered up again because of lack of transportation for such huge remains. Among the items brought



FIG. 3. A NEW TYPE OF MASTODON WHICH APPARENTLY SHOVELLED-UP ITS FOOD: THE LOWER JAW, "ARMED WITH TWO SHOVEL-LIKE TEETH (SHOWN IN DOTTED LINES) 9 INCHES TO A FOOT LONG, LAID FLAT IN THE JAW, AND POINTING OUTWARDS."

On a later page of this number we give an article by Mr. Arthur T. Hopwood, of the Natural History Museum, dealing with the discoveries here illustrated from a scientific standpoint.

SHOVEL TEETH AND SPATULATE NOSE: MONGOLIAN PREHISTORIC BEASTS.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY ALICE B. WOODWARD, SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," AND BASED ON SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ALICE B. WOODWARD

THE PRINCIPAL "FINDS" OF THE ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS EXPEDITION: A GIANT BALUCHITHERE, A SHOVEL-TOOTHED MASTODON, AND A SPATULATE-NOSED TITANO THERE.

In this remarkable drawing, Miss Alice Woodward, who is well known as an expert in scientific subjects, has reconstructed as they were in life the three prehistoric beasts whose remains formed the principal "finds" of the American Expedition to Mongolia, described on the opposite page. Of the monster seen on the right, Mr. A. T. Hopwood, of the Natural History Museum, says (in his article on page 476): "Imagine a rhinoceros with a long neck, resembling that of a horse, but somewhat longer in proportion, and with pillar-like legs, five or six feet long; deprive him of

his horn, and the result is something like a Baluchithere. Such an animal probably stood between 13 and 14 ft. high at the shoulder, and was able to browse on leaves and twigs growing from 16 to 18 ft. above the ground. . . . Mr. Granger may well claim the Baluchithere as the largest land mammal known." The creature on the left (below) is of the Mastodon type, and has in the lower jaw flat, shovel-like teeth nearly a foot long, pointing outwards. The animal on the hill is a new species of Titanotherium, with an extraordinarily long nose, spatulated at the tip.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A RUSSIAN FILM AT THE AVENUE PAVILION.

THE extraordinary power of creating suspense, of focussing the onlooker's attention not only on what is happening, but also on what is about to happen, would appear to be the birthright of every Russian artist, whatever his medium. He is past master in the art of suggesting that quality which we call, for want of a more definite description, "atmosphere." He senses the drama that lies latent in all things, great and small, animate and inanimate. And he reveals them to us with an apparent simplicity which, on the face of it, seems to be the very antithesis of subtlety—a few ordinary words, the composition of a group, the juxtaposition of primal colours, the use of

light and shade, nothing that we are aware of at the moment as being uncommonly clever, and yet the desired effect is there, at once, inevitably.

We are caught and held by a curious power; nor can we shake it off until the artist has done with us. You may not like it, but you cannot get away from it. Since the Russian mentality leans towards the sombre, towards those depths of the human mind where the darker, less easily directed currents lurk, since even his humour appears to our more facile tastes undoubtedly *macabre*, it is not surprising that Russian art, like Russian caviare, is not appreciated by the multitude. Such a film as "The Marriage of the Bear," a screen-drama that could not have emanated from any other country but Russia, for all that it shows both in production and in interpretation a touch of genius, does not include in its make-up the elements of popularity. For that its story is too grim, its tragic development too relentless. Yet its compelling power is undeniable.

The film is based on a play written by the Soviet Minister for Education, Lunachersky, who, in his turn, borrowed his theme from a book of Prosper Merimée's. Played by members of the Moscow Art Theatre Company, and directed by Konstantin Eggert, it has, side by side with an almost primitive and cruel realism, moments of such rare pictorial



AS SIR WILLIAM CANDYSSHE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT NAPLES IN "SONG OF THE SEA": MR. DENNIS HOEY.

In his saner moments he is respected by his people, and has won the love of a light-hearted, loyal girl. But when the cloud of inherited passions obscures his brain, the forest calls to him, and its shadows hide his secret lust of murder.

According to the legend there is but one cure for the horrible obsession of the man-bear, the sacrifice of a human life. The murder of the mad Count's young bride on her wedding night, her husband's awful awakening to sanity and to the realisation of his deed, bring about the final chapters of the tragedy.

The story is firmly developed and told with a certain pomp of wedding pageantry, bear-hunting in the picturesque garb of a by-gone century, and the flutter of crinolined skirts amongst the roses of a fine old garden. The acting of all concerned is admirable, though Konstantin Eggert—who seems to me to be greater as a producer than as an actor—is a trifle too consciously picturesque as the mad Count, and certainly less sincere than an unnamed impersonator of a middle-aged clergyman, to whom falls the thankless task of sympathetic witness to the whole strange story. But the finest notes of this finely produced film are struck by the interior settings. And these I would respectfully recommend to the notice of our own producers. There is a library with a high oriel window

such an object-lesson. Provided, of course, one is willing to learn!

FAY COMPTON, FILM-ACTRESS.

A new and excellent British film—one of the best

I have seen for a long time—produced by Jack Raymond, has as its feminine "star" a stage actress whose personality is equally arresting in both spheres, screen and stage—Miss Fay Compton. The film, entitled "Zero," will be dealt with at greater length when it reaches the public. Sufficient for the moment to indicate that it is the story of a man who tried to live his life over again; and to live it for himself alone, only to find that old ties are not easily broken. In the loneliness

AS KITTY IN "SONG OF THE SEA": MISS MARY LEIGH.

which his bid for freedom brought him he meets a woman, herself cut adrift from unhappy companionship. She loves him; she shares his new life; but, when the old life claims him, it is she who sends him back. This woman is played by Miss Compton with exquisite tenderness and complete sincerity. The character is, to a certain extent, a passive one, though when definite decision is needed, it is forthcoming. Thus, at the very outset of the story, the heroine breaks away from a violently abusive husband, and in the end she returns to him, in order to set at liberty the man she loves. But for the rest, here is a quiet, wistful creature, a creature of rare smiles and rarer tears, quietly happy and quietly courageous.

A lesser actress might have allowed such a character to slip into monotony, even on the stage and endowed with speech. On the screen, shorn of the aid of words, this Julia might all too easily have been a shadow indeed—a complete nonentity. Yet Miss Compton, by sheer force of personality, by a gift of revealing her inmost thoughts in the play of her eyes, in her slight gestures, the very pose of her body, keeps us all the while intensely interested in this still and lovely woman. We wait for her smile, and when it comes it means far more than an exuberant demonstration of gaiety. Nor does it need any of the facial gymnastics so dear to most film-stars to make us believe that her tears spring from deep misery of soul, and not from the glycerine-bottle. And her sense of humour prompts her to delicious little touches, dear little whimsicalities that all tend to build up the character she portrays. No doubt she found in Mr. Raymond a producer of sensitive imagination—that quality is obvious in many other aspects of the film—but to Miss Compton belongs the credit of carrying out the director's suggestions with a natural ease and



A "LADY HAMILTON" OF MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS LILIAN DAVIES AS NANCY IN "SONG OF THE SEA," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Song of the Sea," the new musical play at His Majesty's Theatre, by Arthur Wimperis and Lauri Wylie, with music by Eduard Kunneke, has vague resemblances to the romance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, though the character of the heroine (charmingly played by Miss Lilian Davies) is of a primmer and more decorous type. The scene is laid at Naples in the same period.

and a litter of books that is a pictorial gem; a kitchen wherein Gargantuan meals are being prepared that recalls the canvases of the Flemish masters; a hall with a wide flight of steps flanked by rising tiers of squared blocks, that respond splendidly to the electrician's efforts in noble chunks of black and white. When I recall some of the meagre and uninspired "homes of the rich" as presented in more than one recent British film, probably at a far

greater financial outlay, I can but feel that we have a great deal to master yet in the art of film-production, and that much can be gained from



AS LIEUT. RICHARD MANNERS, R.N., NANCY'S SAILOR-LOVER IN "SONG OF THE SEA": MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY.

entire unconsciousness of the camera that are as yet unfortunately not generally included in the equipment of our film-actresses. Last, but by no means least,

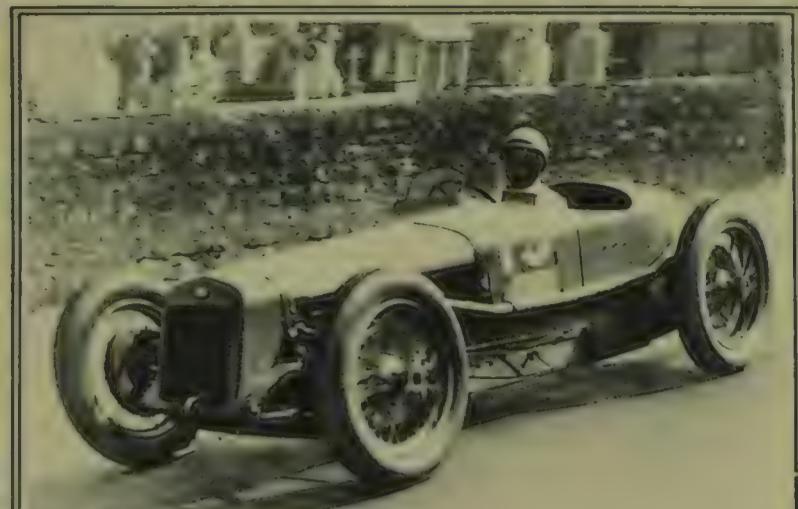
(Continued on page 478)

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.



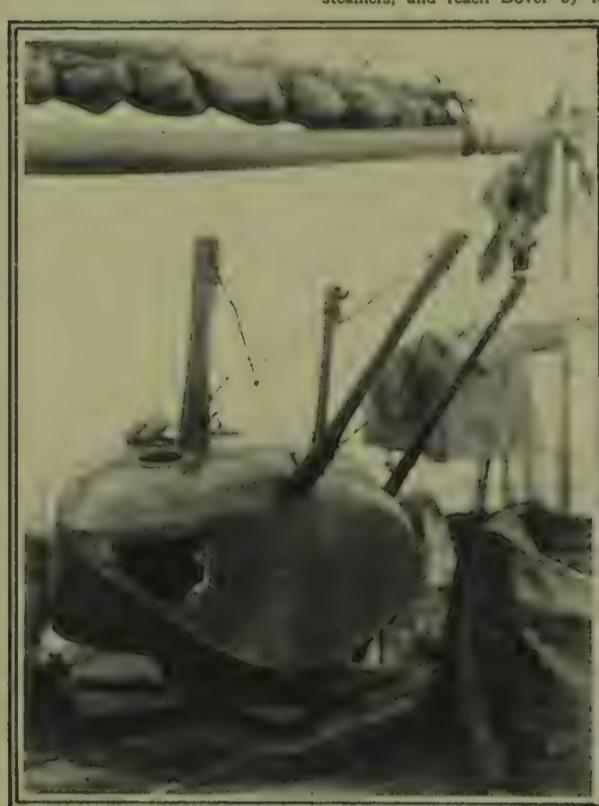
FROM DOVER TO CALAIS AND BACK IN UNDER TWO HOURS: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE AT FULL SPEED IN HER "OUTBOARD" MOTOR-BOAT IN MID-CHANNEL.

Mrs. Victor Bruce crossed and re-crossed the Channel in under two hours on September 8. She started from Dover at 1.45, and arrived at Calais at 2.10, where she was welcomed by cheering crowds. Although her steering gear broke on the way back, she was able to pick up her course by the smoke of passing steamers, and reach Dover by four o'clock.



THE BRITISH WINNER OF LA TROPHIE NATIONALE, AT BOULOGNE: CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL RACING AT ST. MARTIN'S CORNER.

The news, after the sixth lap, that Captain Campbell had broken all records with the amazing average of 78·5 m.p.h. was received with great cheers by the spectators. He increased his forty seconds advantage over his most dangerous rival to four minutes, lost it again through a forced stop during the tenth lap, but regained it at the finish.



EVIDENCE OF THE DEATH OF A GREAT ARCTIC EXPLORER:

THE DAMAGED FLOAT OF AMUNDSEN AND GUILBAUD'S MACHINE.

In spite of his former differences with General Nobile during their flight in the airship "Norge" over the North Pole in 1926, the great explorer Amundsen could not resist the call to go to the help of his old comrade, and in this generous attempt he is presumed to have lost his life.



CELEBRATING THE BICENTENARY OF CAPTAIN COOK AT HIS YORKSHIRE HOME: SCENES AT MARTON.

The bicentenary of Captain Cook's birth was celebrated, on September 8, at Great Ayton, and afterwards at Stewart Park, Marton, Yorkshire. The granite vase in the left background of the photograph marks the spot on which stood the cottage where Captain Cook was born. Those present included representatives of the Army and Navy, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Dominion of New Zealand, besides Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, school-children, and hundreds of country people.



THE FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF SUBMARINE "L 55": THE PROCESSION AT HASLAR—ONE COFFIN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, AND OTHERS IN MOTOR-LORRIES FOLLOWING.

One of the most moving ceremonies ever witnessed at Haslar Naval Cemetery was the funeral, on September 7, of the 5 officers and 37 men who perished in the British submarine "L 55," sunk in the Baltic nine years ago by a Soviet war-ship. Owing to the difficulty of identification, all the coffins were interred together in one grave. Besides members of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, there were present at the funeral representatives of the Estonian Government and



BURIAL IN ENGLISH SOIL AFTER NINE YEARS UNDER THE BALTIC SEA: "L 55" COFFINS BEING CARRIED TO THE GRAVE BY BLUEJACKETS.

Estonian Navy, and ex-officers and men of the Imperial Russian Army and Navy. The official mourners included Admiral Sir Osmond Brock and Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, who commanded the British naval forces in the Baltic in 1919, and the Naval Attaché of France, Italy, U.S.A., Argentina, Peru, Japan, and Estonia. Bishop Southwell, formerly of Lewes, who officiated, is himself the father of the late Lieutenant Southwell, of "L 55."

THE ROMANCE OF A QUEEN BEE.

A HEROINE OF THE HIVE WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC FOR THE BEE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE Lady Margaret of Medina flashes for a moment across the public eye, on her way to the home that will shroud the romance of her little life. Before she made brief appeal to the men and women who love travel adventure she had known another, the highest of all; it stands in the records of the ether and the blue sky above.

Though she is Lady Margaret to the owner of the hive she rules to-day, she was in truth a queen of bees before she set out on her adventurous journey across the Atlantic, queen by the right of birth and her first successful adventure, the nuptial flight that comes to some one or two of the queens of the hive in the summer season. When she was hatched, in some elongated pear-shaped cell in which, during the larval stage, she had been fed on special food that she might develop her queenly properties, she announced her entry into the world with shrill cries. Her mother, queen of the stock, angered out of heart by the thought of a successor, endeavoured to reach the cell that she might drive her sharp ovipositor through the wax and still her daughter and rival for all time; but the worker bees would not permit this infanticide, so the mother took some of her children with her, swarmed and sought a new home.

Then the workers released the Lady Margaret of Medina, and she would have waited in the hive just long enough to stretch and dry her wings, to be assured that the sun was shining and there was no high wind to blow her out of her course, and she would have sailed away into the void, a void that would soon become peopled by the keen-eyed drones of all the neighbouring hives. She led them on, and they followed in wild pursuit until all the weaklings gave up the struggle, and of those who remained, she chose the best and strongest, yielding herself to him for the generation that should people the hive and fulfil its work. For her it was the crowning moment of life, brief moment of freedom and of love; for a proud captor it was death, a terrible death in the moment of victory. But of her lover's end the Lady Margaret of Medina would have taken no thought. She would have returned home, qualified to lay fertile eggs at the rate of two thousand a day, and to repopulate a hive for several years on end, never leaving it save when one of her children was placed in a queen cell and piped a challenge to her hegemony that must be answered.

But on this occasion the Lady Margaret was not suffered to replenish the comb from which she set forth on her mission of life and death. She was taken from the frame, placed in a tiny cage, well supplied with candy and probably, though the record does not say so, with a few foraging bees to act as courtiers, and was sent across the Atlantic. She survived the journey, and doubtless has been taken

to her new home, a queenless hive waiting anxiously for a successor to the ruler that has been lost or removed. A critical moment came to her then, though she knew it not. A rapid introduction without ceremony might have led to the destruction of the queen by workers who regarded her as an intruder. The community must be prepared to welcome its new mother, and to this end must grow accustomed to her. So in all probability the cage

be cared for at all hours; she will indeed be a real queen. But so soon as her special service is no longer required, so soon as the collective wisdom of the community knows that food supplies are failing, and the drones have been thrust from the hive and crippled beyond power of return, her children will not need her labours, and will reduce the supplies that make them possible. When winter comes, she will be left to feed at the common store, though, should food fail, she will be the last to suffer hunger.

Only when spring returns and the first blossom is out on hedgerow or in orchard, when the house-bound foragers have taken their cleansing flights and work is to be resumed, the queen will again become the object of attention and regard. Her ration will be increased, her attendants appointed, and incidentally her labours will be allotted, for it is clear that she works always under direction.

On her journey across the brood-frames, which results in so vast an increase to the hive's numbers that it makes up for the wastage of foraging time, when bees reach maturity and die in eight or nine weeks, a very curious physiological feature deserves a passing word. To lay an egg in the cell of the worker bee, the queen must bend her body so completely that the egg is touched by the spermatic fluid she holds in reserve. Then the forager is set on the road to birth, a sexless worker, the mainstay of the hive, capable of being reared as a queen if the egg be placed in a large cell and generously fed. But when the queen is taken over the drone comb, which is larger, she can deposit the egg without bending her body to like degree, the egg is not touched by the fluid,

and a perfect male is produced. Should anything happen to the queen, the workers take fright, and, if they could not find an egg that would serve for a queen cell, they would start to produce eggs on their own account; these sexless, unfertilised foragers would lay eggs, and perfect males would be produced, but never a worker, nothing that could become a queen.

Now the Lady Margaret of Medina, after such travel as few queens know, passes from the light of day, never to see the sun again save at swarming time; she will continue to be fruitful and help the hive to multiply until such time as the collective wisdom of the hive decides that her sun has reached its setting. Then her children will surround her, she will be the centre of a living circle, and when they break away and return to their lawful occasions, the Lady Margaret of Medina will be dead, slain by her own offspring, because she has survived her uses. *Hinc lachrymæ rerum.*

Her great journey was from America to the Crystal Palace Bee Show, as a voiceless pioneer of science.



THE QUEEN BEE THAT LATELY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC TO RULE AN ENGLISH HIVE: "LADY MARGARET OF MEDINA."

with the queen in it was fastened on to one of the frames, and there left for a day or two until the workers recognised in the stranger the force lent to them to carry on their tradition. The travelling cage would have been opened and the Lady Margaret greeted by the foragers, who deputed a certain number to live in constant

LADY MARGARET OF MEDINA.

CUSTOMS DECLARATION

THE QUEEN BEE WHO TRAVELED 3,500 MILES FROM AMERICA BY POST, IN THE CAGE SHOWN, TAKING 14 DAYS ON THE JOURNEY.

HOW THE AMERICAN QUEEN BEE SHOWN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC: HER TRAVELLING CAGE AND THE CUSTOMS DECLARATION.

"Lady Margaret of Medina" is the name of a queen bee recently sent by post from America to England, in a travelling-cage provided with a food supply of "candy." She was the most notable exhibit at the Show of Bees and Honey opened on September 5 at the Crystal Palace.

attendance, and feed her with stimulating food in readiness for the time when they would lead her over the cells.

Her treatment will vary with the seasons; when she is required to produce eggs to the limit of her capacity she will have all the food she can eat and

A BOY KING ON HIS HOLIDAY:
KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA AT THE SEASIDE.



A ROYAL GROUP AT THE SEASIDE (L. TO R.): PRINCESS THEODORA OF GREECE; KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA; HIS MOTHER, THE CROWN PRINCESS HELEN OF RUMANIA; PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE; PRINCESS MARGARET OF GREECE; PRINCE PHILIP; AND PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE.



LAUNCHING HIS BOAT: KING MICHAEL AT MAMAIA, ON THE BLACK SEA COAST OF RUMANIA.



ENJOYING THE SEASIDE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER LITTLE BOY: KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA ON THE SANDS AT MAMAIA.



EVIDENTLY ENJOYING HER HOLIDAY: A HAPPY STUDY OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA, MOTHER OF KING MICHAEL.



THE YOUNG MONARCH HOLIDAY-MAKING WITH HIS MOTHER: KING MICHAEL AND THE CROWN PRINCESS HELEN OF RUMANIA.

We give here a set of interesting photographs which have just come to hand from Rumania showing the boy King Michael and some of his relatives taking a holiday at the seaside at Mamaia, on the shores of the Black Sea. King Michael, who was born at the Castle of Sinaia on October 25, 1921, is nearly

seven now, and evidently enjoys the pleasures of the "seaside" as much as other young people of his age. His mother, the Crown Princess Helen, is a daughter of the late King Constantine of Greece. His father is the ex-Crown Prince Carol, who married Princess Helen at Athens on March 10, 1921, and afterwards renounced his claims to the Rumanian throne. Princess Helen is a sister of Prince Paul and Princess Irene of Greece. Princesses Margaret and Theodora are daughters of Prince Andrew of Greece, and Prince Philip, born in 1921, is his youngest child.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOTHING is more remarkable in modern writing than the change which has come over biography. Between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries, in this respect, there is a great gulf fixed. The Victorians loved privacy and reticence; the Edwardians, and still more so the neo-Georgians, prefer frankness and publicity. The Victorians wallowed in whitewash (forgetting its association with whitened sepulchres). Their successors use another sort of whiteness—namely, candour. If they were naughty boys—or girls—they like the world to know it.

Even our great men with no wild oats to decorate their past, and brought up in the Victorian tradition, have acquired something of the modern expansiveness. If they draw the line at complete self-dissection, or at reckless revelations about their contemporaries, they at any rate indulge in what might be called "pen-talk" of an open and companionable kind. Between secrecy and indiscretion they cultivate a happy mean which approaches the ideal in the gentle art of reminiscence. One of the happiest examples of political autobiography on these lines is to be found in the posthumous "MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS: 1852-1927." By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K.G. Two vols. With eight Plates each, facsimile Letters, and a Map of the Western Front. (Cassell; 42s.) This personal record of a great career, the fruit of so rich an experience, and of a mind so clear and wise, written as it is, moreover, by a master of English, makes delightful reading, and is a fitting crown to his life's work.

Lord Oxford himself discusses the canons of the literary art which he here practises. In allusion to the "Greville Memoirs," he says: "There seems to me to be no reason why, after a decent interval, such a journal should not, with all possible verification of details, be published with the same freedom and fullness as the correspondence of the dead."

In the war chapters, the interest lies not so much in the chronicling of events, among which there are a good many gaps, as in the countless touches on the personalities and idiosyncrasies of statesmen and leaders. One of the pleasantest phases of his wartime recollections is the regard and admiration he constantly expresses for Lord Kitchener, whom he strongly vindicates. "Kitchener (he says) was entirely without personal vanity or self-consciousness. . . . He was quite aware of his own foibles, such as they were, and did not in the least mind being rallied about them."

In this connection Lord Oxford tells a delicious anecdote concerning Kitchener's zeal as an art-collector. The incident occurred at Ypres, during one of the Premier's visits to the Front in 1915. "We found ourselves . . . confronting the magnificent ruins of the Cloth Hall. Large parts of the fine arcades of statues were still intact, and I observed that Kitchener was scanning them with an expert's gaze. A young staff officer came up to me, and, nudging my elbow, said: 'Do you see that? Those statues have been bombarded by the Germans for one hundred days, but they have never been in such danger as they are at this moment.' 'Do you mean,' I replied, 'that we may some day hope to see one or more of them at Broome Park?' The audacious youth nodded. . . . As we drove back I related the conversation to Kitchener, who—far from showing any sign of resentment—was genuinely amused."

As touching war in general, Lord Oxford would assuredly have been a strong supporter of the Kellogg Pact. "Unless we can eliminate war (he said) it will be the death of civilisation, and of all that makes life—individual life, communal life, international life—worth living. . . . That is no Utopian ideal. As difficult, if you like, as unimaginable things have been done. Slavery, private war, duelling, were all regarded in their day as natural and even necessary institutions. Why and how have they disappeared? . . . By the operation of moral force."

War and politics by no means monopolise the interest of Lord Oxford's reminiscences. He was a great reader, and in his private letters he makes many shrewd comments on books and authors. If his tastes were rather retrospective—Scott, Macaulay, and Keats were among his favourites—he was modern enough to read and praise "Babbitt." Notable, too, are his remarks on Festing

Jones's Memoir of Samuel Butler. "It is the kind of biography I like: very detailed and written in the true canine Boswell spirit. . . . You should read it, though there is much that is skip-worthy." A priceless word, "skip-worthy," as all reviewers will agree!

Although a chance sequence of ideas has led me to deal mainly with Lord Oxford's second volume, I am far from suggesting thereby that the first is of any lesser interest. It covers his boyhood and schooldays, at the City of London School; his doings at Balliol; his career at the Bar; his earlier experiences in Parliament; and his two marriages. There are many memoirs-in-brief of distinguished lawyers, writers, and politicians. Nor must I forget the fine tribute which Lady Oxford offers to her husband's memory. His apparent serenity, she tells us, was really the result of "iron self-control." Doubtless he appreciated the maxim of Horace—*aquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*, whose wording implies that to "preserve" equanimity requires an effort of will.

I forget who it was that said *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. If the Victorians carried the principle to excess, some modern biographers, perhaps, go to the other extreme. It depends how long the dead have been dead. There is a kind of gradation of "decent intervals." When a man dies, one may write his life

form, quoting chapter and verse, rather than in the guise of fiction.)

Having examined Mr. Straus's book pretty thoroughly—with (let me add) very great enjoyment, I have not discovered any horrible disclosures about Dickens. On the contrary, it helps to fuller understanding and sympathy, even though it does not gloss over his failings and mistakes. Unfortunately, Mr. Straus rather discounts the value of his new material by omitting (from a dislike of footnotes) to indicate where it comes in. He might at least have given a general summary of the fresh matter. Personally, I cannot spare a month or so to discover it by a collation of the previous biographies; but one little point I have noted—that John Forster's version of the innocent "romance with Maria Beadnell" does not mention her name.

Dickensian topography and "Droodian epilogues" do not appeal to Mr. Straus; and, as regards the novels, "Gissing and Chesterton have said all that is necessary." The illustrations might, I think, have included portraits of Dickens's parents, and of Mary and Georgina Hogarth,

who all figure so prominently. Finally, in the account of the "secret" Abbey funeral, I find it rather irritating not to be told the name of "the burly man in a frock-coat."

Talking of frock-coats—the illustration chosen, appropriately enough, for the 'jacket' of the book, is a portrait group of Dickens and Disraeli, "sartorially resplendent," from "The Tailor and Cutter" of 1870—abearded "Boz" beside a clean-shaved Dizzy. Elsewhere Mr. Straus mentions the origin of the early pen-name. "Boz" was a contraction of Boses, itself a nasal emendation of Moses, which happened to be Dickens's nickname.

A FAMOUS CONSTABLE "SHRINE" SAVED FROM "DESECRATION" AND PRESENTED TO THE NATION: FLATFORD MILL, AT EAST BERGHOLT, WHERE A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE RESTORATIONS WAS RECENTLY HELD.

Flatford Mill and Willy Lot's Cottage, immortalised by John Constable, R.A. (1776-1837), which were in danger of being sold by auction, have been preserved and presented to the nation by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Parkington, of Pykenham House, Ipswich. The mill belonged to Constable's father, and the great painter spent his childhood and early youth in that locality. The largest rooms in it will be placed at the disposal of artists painting in the district. On September 8 Mr. and Mrs. Parkington held a private view of the preservation work that has been done during the past two years.

discreetly with an eye to the feelings of his family. After fifty years or so one may tell so much of the truth as will not offend

name for his youngest and favourite brother, Augustus." This brings me, in a roundabout way, to "THE LIFE OF MOSES." By Edmond Fleg. Translated from the French by Stephen Haden Guest (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). I don't know whether we should now be considered justified in "digging the dust" of Moses, if it could be found, but at any rate there has been "a decent interval" since his demise. But I must not be flippant on this subject, for the book is written in a spirit of the deepest reverence. M. Fleg, his translator tells us, is a poet, and gives us here "the vision of Moses, the man of God, as it has come down through 4000 years of Jewish tradition."

The author's task has been to combine harmoniously "the loftiest passages of the Bible" with "the vivid, half-magical imaginations of some of the early Palestinian and Babylonian Rabbis." The translation of such a work naturally involved special difficulties of style and diction, which have, I think, been overcome by Mr. Haden Guest with conspicuous skill.

The author himself expressly disclaims any reliance on archaeology. He has done, in fact, for Moses what Malory, in another vein, did for King Arthur, weaving a mass of legends into a larger and unified tapestry. "Doubtless," he says, "the real life of Moses will never be known scientifically; but is not this life, as Israel has imagined it, interpreted it, and felt it through the ages, also history?" The actual sources of the constituent materials forming the narrative are not indicated, but every now and then one recognises familiar passages, and the book reads like an expansion of the Pentateuch.

The racial enthusiasm evinced in this remarkable work reminds me of Lord Oxford's comment, in 1915, on a "dithyrambic memorandum" he had just received from Sir Herbert Samuel, headed "The Future of Palestine." "It is a curious illustration (writes Lord Oxford) of Dizzy's favourite maxim that 'race is everything' to find this almost lyrical outburst proceeding from the well-ordered and methodical brain of H. S." If such was the effect of "race" on a mind inured to the prosaic influences of British politics, how much more was it to be expected from the poet of "Ecoute Israel" and the compiler of "A Jewish Anthology"!

C. E. B.



A HOUSE IMMORTALISED IN CONSTABLE'S LANDSCAPES, NOW PRESERVED FOR THE NATION: WILLY LOT'S COTTAGE AT EAST BERGHOLT, SUFFOLK, AS RECENTLY RESTORED.

This picturesque little seventeenth-century farmhouse, near Flatford Mill, figures in many of Constable's pictures, including "The Hay Wain," in the National Gallery. Willy Lot, the owner, was born in it, and lived there over eighty years without having spent four whole days away.

younger generation. After a hundred years one may usually tell the whole truth; and after a couple of thousand years it seems permissible, in the absence of any Shakespearean curse, to "dig his dust."

At first I anticipated, from the author's preface, a rather drastic demolition of a Victorian idol in "DICKENS: A PORTRAIT IN PENCIL." By Ralph Straus. With sixteen Illustrations. (Victor Gollancz; 16s.) Mr. Straus, however, is not an iconoclast, and has certainly not adopted as his motto "*nil nisi malum*." He remains, I think, a hero-worshipper, but he prefers to worship a man rather than a plaster saint. "There had been," he writes, "a sort of legend about Dickens. He had come to stand for all that was most solidly respectable in this most solidly respectable country. . . . Everything that tended to show him as an ordinary man, with the ordinary man's faults, must not be printed. The blue pencil must be applied to every letter which touched upon 'private' matters."

Mr. Straus feels that Dickens may now be removed from his sanctified pedestal. "The man who would attempt a life of Dickens to-day," he says, "has at his disposal a mass of new material. . . . There are incidents in Dickens's life which even now need not be told, and I dare say that I, too, have been rather more discreet than I need have been. This, I hasten to say, does not mean that Dickens himself was ever guilty of any action whatsoever which could not be told in detail to-day." (Since writing this review I note that a novel founded on the life of Dickens has appeared, in which his character is said to be traduced. I have not seen it yet, but I agree with the *Daily Mail* that any such attack ought to be put in biographical



